Choi Soobin's Guide to Getting a Girlfriend

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Choi Soobin's Guide to Getting a Girlfriend

by soupbeanluvr

Summary

Soobin makes some amends, makes a new-old friend (kind of), and reads erotica- all while on house arrest. She also realizes she's a lesbian and gets a girlfriend who should have been her girlfriend, like, thirty years ago.

Notes

This is complete fiction, and implies nothing about the people whose names are utilized. If you got here by googling yourself or because a fan linked you, you should click the back button.

Alternate Universe where Soobin is Narcissa and Yeonjun (Yeonsoon) is Molly. Both of them are better than the originals, I promise.

See the end of the work for more notes

Step One: Accidentally Read Erotica

She, Soobin Choi Malfoy, was going to lose her mind. She hadn't even been sentenced to Azkaban, and she was still going crazy. She was beginning to wonder if the Choi family curse had some merit to it after all.

Two days, which meant six hundred and something days left in this awful, awful house.

Soobin had already written a letter to Draco since he'd started Eighth year under probation (*Dearest Draco, I do hope you are managing your classes well and studying properly. Your father and I miss you. Please write to me if you need anything. Love, Mum*) and he hadn't written back yet. She was starting to regret mentioning Lucius, since she of course had no way of knowing how he felt in Azkaban, and Draco had been angry the last time she had brought Lucius up (he had also been angry at her in general).

Besides waiting for his reply, she had attempted to cook (the key word was attempted. Her attempt had not been particularly successful) for herself, since she had no house elves (damn you, members of the Wizengamot!) and subsequently had panicked as she struggled to put out a fire non-magically (her magic use was still restricted, thanks again Wizengamot!). She had resolved to not do any more cooking for the time being.

Soobin spent several hours pacing around the house, making a sharp turn whenever she caught a whiff of the stench of Dark magic, before she made yet another sharp turn and accidentally wound up in the library.

Gods, this house was so ridiculously and unnecessarily large that she'd somehow forgotten about the gigantic library.

She perused the shelves, recoiling every time she came across a book of Dark magic (which was concerningly often), not looking for anything in particular.

A shining green cover caught her eye, and she immediately went to the book, which read *The Basics of Cooking With Magic*. She opened it, intrigued, but was distracted by another book next to it: *The Basics of Cooking Without Magic*. She pondered for several moments before discarding the first and picking up the second. Perhaps it would come

in handy.

Soobin flipped open to a random page and began reading through the recipe. She turned around, book still in hand, and was about to take it with her when sunlight from the windows fell on the page. Confusingly, there seemed to be writing on the other side of the page in a smaller, denser font, and it was unusually spaced for a recipe. She lifted the page to reveal the other side, but the back of the page was just more of the recipe.

She paused for a moment. Something wasn't right. It looked different from the other side, which meant there was possibly some magic in the book. It wasn't *Dark* magic (she would have been able to feel that) but it was… something.

Cautious, Soobin gently put the book down and opened it to the inside cover. *Oh*. There was some kind of spell written there. She leaned over to see it closer. *Lumos*, it said. Underneath the spell were the words, "use a simple *Lumos* to reveal more spice."

Soobin didn't move for several long moments. It didn't seem harmful, and *Lumos* was on the list of approved spells.

She hesitated for another second, before lighting up the tip of her wand with a *Lumos* and holding it up to the page. The entire book seemed to shimmer slightly, before it changed completely. In her hands was an entirely different book. On the cover was a very handsome wizard, dark haired and dark eyed, wearing robes that opened to his *bare chest*. He had his arms around a blushing witch.

Soobin immediately pushed the book away. Her heart was pounding in her ears. What on earth was that? She hurried to the nearest bathroom to splash cold water on her face.

A week after The Incident, Soobin still found herself distracted. She'd tried to continue with her embroidery project (she was embroidering flowers on several sets of old robes), checked the Owl Room for mail, and made herself oversteeped tea. She hadn't attempted to cook anything else, nor had she looked for a cookbook after that unfortunate attempt.

She couldn't stop thinking about it. It was beneath her, really, this kind of trashy, cheap… she couldn't even bring herself to think about the word. She felt a deep sense of shame welling up every time the memory popped into her head.

Those were the kinds of books that were passed around in the girls' dorms starting at around Fourth Year, but she'd always been too embarrassed to join in, or even to read them in private. Besides, she'd always made herself out to be above reading that sort of novel… and yet, now that she was faced with it, she was constantly going back to it.

Soobin couldn't for the life of her figure out why she was so obsessed with it, especially since she'd never been crazy about sex - before and after her marriage. It had always been like porridge - something she ate when presented with it, but didn't ever crave. So why was she like this now?

She lasted another week of waiting for Draco's reply (she was really starting to worry that something had happened to him) and of drinking tea (that was slightly better than the first few attempts) and of eating nothing but fruit, crackers and cheese (it was beginning to get a bit dull) before her curiosity overcame her embarrassment and she returned to the library.

The book was still there. Nothing had happened to it, and it was still sitting on the shelf innocently (actually, she felt like it was taunting her).

Soobin inched towards it. The handsome wizard's eyes followed her. She reached out a hand tentatively to pick it up between two fingers, as if it were something disgusting. Slowly, little by little, she pulled the book off of the shelf.

Her stomach felt like it was full of worms. She closed her eyes and kept them shut tightly until she had turned the cover and opened to the first page.

As her vision came into focus, Soobin took in the words and realized that it did not, in fact, start off with… that. Instead, it started with the witch being invited to a party. She felt a mild sense of relief and continued to read.

It wasn't until halfway through the book that it started to get… steamy (or to use the book's words… spicy). Soobin was still curled up comfortably in the library chair, but her face felt hot as she read on about how the wizard, who had pulled the witch into a nearby closet, had a hand inside her robes, on her waist, and was inching up towards her breasts.

Soobin inhaled sharply, feeling strangely guilty that she was reading

this while her husband was in prison. Her nipples were hard and she could feel her heartbeat between her legs, where her thighs were squeezed together.

It was strange, because she'd never found having sex with men all that appealing. It was also strange because she wasn't the type of girl (witch. She hadn't been a girl in decades) who would enjoy this type of thing (wasn't she?).

After she'd finished the book, which was horribly written and very trashy and had absolutely no substance at all, and shouldn't have had any effect on her at all, she was still very… worked up.

Soobin resolved to take a shower (a very lukewarm shower) because she was sweaty (and Soobin Choi Malfoy wasn't even supposed to sweat), and most definitely not because of any other reasons.

After her shower, she was physically back to normal, but considerably rumpled up in spirit, and she resigned herself to another bland dinner of crackers, cheese, and fruit.

That night Soobin had strange dreams - not the usual terror-and-panic filled dreams, but another kind entirely. It was the sort of dream she had not had since she was at Hogwarts. In the morning, she very carefully washed away the memories of light perfume and a soft voice and a hand on her arm with her tea, which she was becoming marginally better at making.

After tea, she was almost drawn back into the library in search of a cookbook (or potentially another trashy novel if she was being honest, which she wasn't) but was thankfully sidetracked by a letter. Soobin's heart leapt into her throat when she recognized the owl as the one she'd sent off to Hogwarts.

She opened it and read:

Hello, Mother. My classes are fine. My classmates mostly leave me alone, and I have my own dorm. I'm only telling you this so you know I'm alive. I don't really want to talk to you. I definitely *don't want to talk to Father. I'm still angry with you, Mother. Please don't write to me again, unless I write first. Draco*

All the air came out of her as if someone had stuck a pin in her and she was deflating. Yes, that was what it felt like. Soobin felt as though she was a ball of kneaded dough that had been proved and then had the air punched out of it.

She supposed she deserved it. Well… at least he'd answered her letter. He could have ignored her. That was a good sign, right? Their relationship surely wasn't completely broken.

Soobin had woken up with more energy than she had in months, but now she felt lethargic again. She wondered if she had accidentally used the decaffeinated tea and decided that yes, that must have been it. Her body felt cold and numb as she brewed herself another cup of tea.

That was it. This was all the family she had left. She couldn't contact her husband (Death Eater) (Azkaban) and her son no longer wanted to speak with her (her fault).

Suddenly, Soobin felt tired enough that she decided to just go back to bed.

The next morning she'd resolved to put the whole thing behind her. She'd spend another day in the library, see if she could find another cookbook (obviously she was looking for a cookbook!).

Once she got to the library, Soobin surveyed the room, hands on her hips. She'd never been clear on the organizational system in the library, because Lucius (her stupid, stupid husband) had never bothered to show her his house properly (the dick. Oops. She wasn't supposed to say things like that).

She wandered aimlessly until a stack of books (which definitely hadn't been there before, which meant it was the stupid magical house that was doing it) came into view. It irritated her immensely, that either the house was making fun of her or it simply didn't like her.

Soobin opened her mouth to summon an elf before she remembered that there were no elves (she cursed them mentally for the fiftieth time), which meant she would have to do this herself.

She shelved the first book, and had the second book firmly in her hands before she stopped to look at it, and the cover made her pause.

It was another trashy novel, apparently… this time with two witches. Both were fully clothed, but the shorter witch had on a fitted blouse and skirt, and the taller witch wore a slightly revealing dress. The shorter witch had reddish-brown hair and fierce eyes and she was turned just so to show her ass, cute tummy, and lovely (cute? Lovely? Stop that, Soobin reprimanded herself) breasts, and the taller witch had a blush across her cheeks. The shorter witch also was holding the

taller witch's waist very possessively, and her hand was visibly touching the other witch's butt.

Soobin immediately went tense. Her body felt hot all over as she slowly turned the front page over (no, she wasn't, she was going to put this book away and pretend she hadn't seen it and never go inside the library again) and started reading.

Her breathing stayed shallow the whole time, but it wasn't until the two witches started kissing that she felt it turn ragged. There was still an underlying sense of shame, a feeling of wrongness, but she tamped it down and kept reading (she would save the feeling embarrassed and ashamed for later).

She read through the entire book quickly, holding herself stiffly the entire time, even as her whole body tingled and she felt her heartbeat everywhere. Afterwards, she resigned herself to another shower.

Step Two: Remember Your High School Friend (?) Who Hates You Now

The feeling of shame never went away. She read through more books, feeling embarrassed and dirty throughout, and several months flew by as she spent her time reading, showering, sleeping, and eventually learning how to make toast and eggs.

Furthermore, although she refused to admit it to herself, she'd had many more dreams and remembered each of them vividly, waking up at least once a week keyed up and sweating.

Soobin still felt guilty, but guilt and shame over reading erotica (she could finally say it, over a quarter of the way through her two-year house arrest) still beat boredom.

She'd just found another novel with two witches (which she'd found she preferred) when an owl arrived with the Prophet. She was surprised to see it, because she'd directed the owls with the Prophet to leave the mail in the sitting room, which she didn't go into anyway and could therefore ignore. She was about to ignore this edition as well before she caught the headline:

WAR HERO DROPS OUT

By Rita Skeeter

Ronald Weasley, one-third of the Golden Trio, has recently dropped out of

his Eighth Year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry to work for his brother at Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes. All three of them returned at the beginning of the school year to finish their education, but it seems Weasley will not be completing his N.E.W.T.s with the rest of his peers. Weasley has not been seen with Hermione Granger, the brains of the trio, since, sparking rumours that the Golden Trio is a trio no more. Read more on page 3

Soobin was not particularly interested in the details, but Ronald Weasley's face made her stop. Where had she seen that face before?

Ronald Weasley… Ronald Weasley… he was that boy, Potter's sidekick, he'd come from that family with lots of children. His mother was- Gods, his mother was *Yeonsoon Weasley*.

Well, Soobin had known her as Yeonsoon *Choi*, and- *Gods*, Soobin hadn't thought about her in years. She'd tried not to, anyway. It had been a strange friendship between them.

They'd met in the library, and Soobin hadn't realized Yeonsoon was a Gryffindor because she hadn't been wearing house colors. No, eighteen-year-old Yeonsoon had had had a bit of a rebellious streak in her, and she'd been wearing a knit blouse, a skirt, and stockings. Gods, those stockings. Seventeen-year-old Soobin had not been prepared for that. It had been so hot out at the time that Soobin hadn't been wearing her outer robes, either, and the two of them had become friends, initially unaware of each other's families, and blissfully ignorant of what was to come.

Yeonsoon had been bossy even then, but also a bit of a nerd, so she'd tutored Soobin in Potions and Transfiguration, and Soobin had helped Yeonsoon in Herbology. They'd gossiped together, and Yeonsoon had complimented Soobin until she felt sure she was pretty, and Soobin had (in return) called her beautiful (which she was). The two of them would study together, Yeonsoon with an arm around Soobin's shoulder, and Soobin leaning against Yeonsoon's arm.

Yeonsoon had been a Prefect, and had access to the Prefect's bathroom. One time, Soobin had been asked out by- well, she couldn't remember anymore, but it wasn't important, and she'd ended up missing that date anyway- and Yeonsoon had offered to help her get ready.

She'd done a lot more than that.

"Here, let's get you in," said Yeonsoon. Her voice was much quieter than

usual as she stepped into the bathtub with Soobin.

Soobin had no time to question how normal it was to bathe with your female friend- and not just that, both of them were naked. Yeonsoon had an arm around Soobin's waist, and her breasts were pressed against Soobin's side.

Steam was starting to fill the room. Yeonsoon lowered both of them into the warm water, which smelled of jasmine. Soobin's eyes started to drift shut before she heard Yeonsoon's voice again.

"I'll wash your hair for you," Yeonsoon suggested.

Soobin let out a vague hum of assent. Her body felt like it was melting. She couldn't be certain of how much time had passed when she felt Yeonsoon's hands in her hair, gently massaging her scalp and rubbing in the shampoo, and she let out the softest moan. Yeonsoon stopped for a moment before continuing.

As Yeonsoon rinsed out her hair, Soobin was suddenly acutely aware of how close they had been- Yeonsoon's breasts had been pressed against her back, her neatly trimmed pubes brushing against her. She felt more than heard Yeonsoon's voice as she spoke again.

"Okay if I wash you?" asked Yeonsoon.

"Haven't you been doing that?" Soobin said, words sticking in her mouth.

"Yes, but still," said Yeonsoon. She paused with her hand hovering over Soobin's breast. "This too?"

"Uh-huh," breathed Soobin. She normally wouldn't have been so informal, but she couldn't seem to manage the polished speech she was raised to use. It was- out of reach, somehow. Her nipples were hard, and she shivered as Yeonsoon skimmed her fingers over Soobin's breast.

Everything felt so much more sensitive than it usually did. Soobin was hyper-aware of the edge of Yeonsoon's nails tracing the undersides of her breasts.

Yeonsoon paused in her teasing for a moment to actually wash Soobin, her soft hands moving in careful circles across Soobin's skin before she went back to it, letting her hands drift lower, down to the unexpectedly sensitized skin of Soobin's waist.

Soobin's heart beat hard in her chest as Yeonsoon brushed over the barely-

there peach fuzz of Soobin's stomach, and her ears buzzed as Yeonsoon's fingers slid even lower. Soobin tensed up in anticipation, but Yeonsoon skipped over where Soobin's thighs were pressed together to wash her legs.

Yeonsoon broke the silence suddenly.

"Have you ever shaved your legs?" she asked.

"What?" said Soobin breathlessly. She could hardly focus on Yeonsoon's words.

"Have you shaved," Yeonsoon repeated. Her voice was low, and when she reached out to hold Soobin's jaw, she tilted Soobin's face up to her own. Soobin could see that her eyes, which were normally deep brown, were nearly black.

"No, I haven't."

Soobin watched as Yeonsoon held out a razor questioningly. Soobin nodded wordlessly.

Yeonsoon lifted Soobin's leg out of the now-lukewarm water, watching as gooseflesh instantly formed. She stroked along Soobin's knee, almost absent-mindedly. It wasn't entirely absent-minded, because she smirked when Soobin jolted.

Yeonsoon lathered up Soobin's leg with soap again, before lifting the razor to Soobin's shin. She slowly moved the razor down Soobin's leg, featherlight, taking all of the hair with it. Yeonsoon tapped the hair out into a tin that materialized on the edge of the tub. She continued to shave Soobin's legs, that mischievous smile never leaving her face as Soobin's legs twitched.

When she was done, Yeonsoon ran her hands over Soobin's smooth legs, which- oh, they were so much more sensitive now that the barrier of hair was gone.

Soobin's breath caught in her throat when Yeonsoon brushed over her calves.

"S-sensitive," she gasped out, as the sensation went straight to her clit.

"Oh?" Yeonsoon asked, with that evil, evil smile. "You're sensitive, hm?"

She put her hands on Soobin's waist, pinching slightly. Soobin let out a squeak. Yeonsoon's catlike eyes narrowed further.

“What about here?” whispered Yeonsoon, fingers hovering over Soobin’s pussy. “Are you sensitive here, too?”

Soobin squirmed, thighs squeezed tightly together. She nodded frantically, staring back up at Yeonsoon desperately.

“Please, please please,” she begged, reaching out to paw at Yeonsoon. “Please touch me.”

Yeonsoon slipped her fingers down to Soobin’s cunt, just barely brushing against her clit. Her eyebrows jumped up when she felt how wet Soobin was, even with the water masking it. Yeonsoon had been teasing her for so long that her hips twitched upwards when Yeonsoon skimmed her clit.

“Please, just-just-” Soobin whimpered pathetically. She’d never felt like this before, this desperate.

“Soobin, sit on my face?”

Soobin’s mouth fell open.

“Yeonsoon, you can’t just say that!” whined Soobin. “Oh, my Gods.”

“I just did,” Yeonsoon laughed. “C’mon, sit on my face. I like it, you know.”

“You- I-” Soobin spluttered, face flushing hot. “You’re so-”

“Yeah?” Yeonsoon smirked.

“Won’t I smush you?” asked Soobin, in one last pathetic attempt to maintain her sanity.

“Nope, I’ll be fine,” said Yeonsoon. “It’d be a good way to go, though.”

Soobin buried her face in her hands. She was torn between being embarrassed and being horny.

“So… sit on my face?” asked Yeonsoon again. She waved her hand and made a bed appear in the corner of the room.

The display of raw power scared Soobin, but it was incredibly arousing. She felt her clit throb again.

“Carry me?” she said, pouting up at Yeonsoon.

(Yeonsoon couldn’t carry her. It was okay.)

Yeonsoon lay on the bed and let the tip of her tongue flick over her lips. She beckoned Soobin over with her fingers.

Soobin hovered over her, hesitant. Yeonsoon looked so beautiful like that, eyes black with lust, red hair fanning out around her, lips parted slightly.

Yeonsoon, tired of waiting, reached up and pulled Soobin down on top of her. As soon as Yeonsoon's tongue hit her, Soobin let out a startled squeak, and then covered her face, embarrassed.

"Oh my Gods," she whimpered.

Soobin couldn't tell what Yeonsoon was doing- it felt like she was everywhere. She jolted when she felt Yeonsoon's lips wrap around her clit. It was somehow both too much and not enough, and she trembled when she felt Yeonsoon's fingers at her entrance.

She let out a soft cry when Yeonsoon's fingers curled.

"Close," she gasped out, and she could have sworn she felt Yeonsoon smile against her, before speeding up.

Soobin was shaking when she came on Yeonsoon's face, grinding against her mouth. Tears leaked out of the corners of her eyes, and she felt drool slipping down her chin. When it was too much, she lifted herself off of Yeonsoon with shaky legs.

"Um," started Soobin, "do you need me to…"

She trailed off awkwardly.

"Already did," said Yeonsoon, taking her fingers out from between her legs. Pathetically, Soobin felt the slightest hint of arousal at how good Yeonsoon was at multitasking.

And… that was that. They'd shared an unusual bath together, Soobin had missed her date, and then everything had gone to shit (she still wasn't supposed to say that). Yeonsoon had somehow ended up marrying Arthur Weasley, of all people. A little while afterwards,

they'd stopped speaking, and then Soobin had married Lucius, who'd been a Death Eater, and then Yeonsoon was gone.

But seeing Yeonsoon's son reminded her of that. It was… strange, to say the least. Soobin felt affection for Yeonsoon all over again, and had a strange ache over the loss. She shouldn't have been like this, missing a blood traitor (well, she wasn't supposed to say that anymore, actually), but she did anyway.

Maybe she should write to her.

Step Three: Write To Your Ex-Friend (?) And Apologize

Soobin Choi Malfoy, almost a year into her house arrest, was losing her mind. Again. Over her ex-friend.

Gods, it should NOT have been this hard to just write a letter- but it was, because she had to apologize for being a blood racist, and a terrible friend, and for marrying a Death Eater, and for ignoring her. How was she even supposed to do that?

Dear Yeonsoon
Dear Mrs. Weasley
Hello Yeonsoon
To Whom It May Concern
Dear Yeonsoon,
I know it's been a long time but I want to start off by apologizing. I've been a terrible friend. I was a blood racist and I married a Death Eater, and then I completely cut you off and that was awful of me. I am sincerely sorry and I don't know how I can properly express that. It is okay with me if you never want to speak to me again, but I wanted you to know that I'm very sorry.
Sincerely,
Soobin Choi Malfoy

It was horrible. It was the worst letter she'd ever written. She wanted to crumple it up and throw it away and then curl up into a ball and die.

She had to send it. It wasn't going to get any better.

The owl returned two days later. Soobin tried not to be offended that her ex-friend replied faster than her own son.

Soobin,
You've got some nerve writing to me after all these years. If it weren't for the war, were you just going to go on ignoring me? Were you going to pretend that I never existed? I can't believe you. Honestly, I don't really forgive you. It probably sucks that you're cooped up there, but I can't bring myself to feel bad. I'm willing to give you a chance but only one. Don't expect anything else.
Yeonsoon

Soobin's hands were trembling slightly as she stared down at the letter. Yeonsoon was giving her a chance.

She wrote back immediately.

Dear Yeonsoon,
Would you be willing to meet me for tea? We can use the library, if you like. Any time is fine, as I will be home whenever. I've attached the Floo address.
Sincerely,
Soobin Choi Malfoy

Soobin,
You know what, fine. Whatever. I'll see you tomorrow at 2pm.
Yeonsoon

The day Yeonsoon was to come over arrived much too soon. It was only 11am and Soobin was already anxious. She'd put on her best dress robes and was fussing with her hair.

Soobin looked in the mirror. Her hair was silver, and she'd clipped it back with a claw clip that she realized with a start that Yeonsoon had given her. She was sure she looked drastically different from when they'd last seen each other.

Would Yeonsoon be any different? Probably not, right? She'd be the same, fierce-eyed and stubborn and teasing as always.

The Floo signaled that someone was arriving. Soobin panicked and fumbled to set the strand of hair that had fallen out back into place before scrambling out of the bathroom into the hall.

She watched with bated breath as Yeonsoon stepped out in all her glory. Her hair was still red, but it was shorter than it had been in the past- it was shoulder length now. Yeonsoon's face had a few more lines in it than Soobin remembered, and her face was a little rounder (Soobin had always said she was prettier that way, and she'd been

telling the truth), but she was fundamentally the same- eyes and nose and lips, and those cutting eyebrows. She even had the same bangs softly framing her face.

Yeonsoon's style had changed quite a bit since her school days. Instead of the schoolgirl-esque look, she had on a cream blouse and black slacks. Soobin's eyes went down to her shoes- black kitten heels.

Soobin spent a minute just looking at Yeonsoon and taking in all of her features. Yeonsoon stared back at her without any warmth in her gaze.

"Well? Aren't you going to invite me in?" Yeonsoon's tone was harsh, but it held a bit of the bossiness Soobin remembered.

Soobin cleared her throat and took a deep breath.

"Yes." Soobin hesitated. "The library is… just this way."

A moment stretched out between them as Yeonsoon looked at her.

Soobin awkwardly motioned for Yeonsoon to follow her, and stepped into the library.

"Um." Soobin's voice broke the silence. "Is this okay?"

Yeonsoon directed her cutting gaze at Soobin.

"It's fine," she said. "Now, was there something you wanted to tell me?"

"I-" Soobin cut herself off, swallowing. "I'm so sorry, Yeonsoon. I was… not a good friend to you."

"And?" prompted Yeonsoon, raising her eyebrows at Soobin.

"And I was a blood racist- and I sided with Death Eaters- and-and-" she stopped, sniffling slightly.

"Look, did you want something, or did you invite me over for nothing?" snapped Yeonsoon. "You've done nothing nice in the past thirty years. You were rude to my family. Your son bullied my children. You sided with You-Know-Who."

"I *know*," said Soobin. "I just- don't know how to make it right. And I- do you want some tea?"

She gestured towards the tea, kept hot within a charmed cup.

“So suddenly?” Yeonsoon scoffed. “For decades, you had this image of being the perfect hostess. You can’t even do that?”

“Please,” Soobin said softly. “Will you just have some tea for a little? I- I don’t have anyone to talk to.”

“That’s your fault,” said Yeonsoon simply. Then she shook her head. “Ugh, fine. I can’t believe I’m doing this, but fine. Let’s talk.”

“Okay,” whispered Soobin. She hesitated before asking, “have you-cooked anything interesting lately?”

Yeonsoon brightened up. She took a sip of her tea before starting to talk.

“Oh yes! I’ve gotten so much better at cooking, you know.”

“You were always better than me,” admitted Soobin.

“Yes, I know,” agreed Yeonsoon, before she went on. She talked about baking for the kids, baking for Luna and Xenophilius, and making lavender ice cream for Arthur as a joke, only taking a break when her mouth was too dry to keep speaking.

Soobin just listened to her talk, her heart swelling.

Yeonsoon filled her in on Gyubi, Kai, and Taeyeon (they were all together, but Soobin hadn’t known because she’d stopped talking to all of them shortly before it happened), drank another glass of tea, and ate half a pack of cookies.

She’d started to reach for another cookie, before hesitating.

“I shouldn’t be-” Yeonsoon started.

“It’s okay, just eat,” Soobin cut in. “I want you to eat. It looks better on you too.”

Yeonsoon’s cheeks flushed. She wasn’t talking anymore, but instead was looking straight at Soobin.

“We’re not like that anymore, okay? You can’t just say that kind of thing to me.”

“I’m sorry,” said Soobin, for what felt like the millionth time. “I- I

forgot. I thought we were teenagers again."

"I kind of did too," admitted Yeonsoon. "But that reminded me. I have to go back and cook dinner for everyone."

"Oh," said Soobin. She'd forgotten about that, too. "Already?"

"Yup," said Yeonsoon. She was already getting up to leave.

"Will you come back?" Soobin felt a little pathetic asking for that, but she was starting to get lonely. Draco still hadn't written to her to say he wasn't mad (or at least was okay with her writing to him).

"I-" Yeonsoon hesitated. "Maybe. Sure."

"See you… in a little bit? Just write to me when you're coming over."

"Fine. Bye, Soobin."

"Bye, Yeonsoon," Soobin said, but Yeonsoon had already disappeared into the Floo.

Step Four: Have Your Ex-Friend Boss You Around While Looking Hot Before Declaring That You Are Together

After that conversation, Soobin felt… very lost. She was also concerned, because as far as she knew, she'd never felt so strongly about her husband. Although Lucius was an absolute dick (she'd given up censoring herself) so maybe that was it.

At the same time, feeling this way about her ex-friend? Weird. Soobin mulled it over, and put it out of her mind when she decided she'd try to make soup for dinner tonight. Surely it couldn't be that hard.

It absolutely was that hard. The soup was so incredibly salty that she was worried she might poison someone. It was a shame she didn't have Yeonsoon anymore, or she could have had Yeonsoon to teach her. She probably should have been embarrassed to be this clueless at her age.

Yeonsoon.

Gods, she probably wasn't even thinking about Soobin. She'd probably forgotten and was just saying that to appease the stupid little Death Eater's wife. Yeonsoon was probably laughing with Taeyeon and Kai and Gyubi over how pathetic Soobin was. It was probably a joke to all

of them. And Gods, what a joke her life had turned out to be.

She had to give up on soup for dinner, so she moped for several hours. Soobin wasn't quite done with feeling sorry for herself when an owl arrived unexpectedly, and she was forced to stop.

"Hello there," she murmured, accepting the letter. Had Yeonsoon written to make plans already?

No, it was just her son (not just her son! Her son was writing to her! Gods, what had gotten into her).

Dear Mother,
Although I still haven't really forgiven you, you can write to me. I'm mad at you, but I still miss you.
Draco

Soobin almost cried with relief. Now she had two people who would talk with her. She wouldn't go crazy after all!

She had just finished reading the letter when another letter arrived. Maybe this time it was from Yeonsoon, she thought hopefully.

Soobin,
We're making pasta tomorrow. Prepare yourself. I'll be there at 11.
Yeonsoon

Soobin let herself smile. She was just barely holding back giddiness.

When the Floo changed color the next day, Soobin was wearing a sweater that not even a year ago she would have called frightfully muggleish, but now saw the appeal of. When Yeonsoon stepped out of the Floo, she was dressed exactly like her old self (scarily accurately). She was wearing dragon-leather boots, a black skirt, and a wide belt with a knitted sweater. It clashed a little bit, but it worked.

Soobin finally looked up at Yeonsoon's face and saw that she'd put her ear piercings back in. She'd taken them out after getting married.

Yeonsoon had looked very much like a mom the last time they'd seen each other. The difference was striking.

"Going to invite me in?" It was similar to what she had said before, but this time her tone was teasing. Yeonsoon popped a hand on her hip and cocked her head.

“Um, yes. Kitchen’s this way,” said Soobin. “I don’t know if I have pasta…”

“I know,” said Yeonsoon. “I brought some.”

Soobin flushed. It was like Yeonsoon knew she didn’t know what she was doing.

“Don’t worry, it’s easy,” said Yeonsoon. “I’ll show you how to do everything.”

Yeonsoon showed her how to salt the water properly.

“It won’t taste good if you don’t salt the water generously.” Yeonsoon poured so much salt that Soobin was alarmed.

“Isn’t it too salty?” Soobin asked anxiously. “When I added that much salt I thought it was enough to poison someone.”

“To pasta?” clarified Yeonsoon, puttering over the stove. She was so competent it was kind of making Soobin crazy (Lucius had been completely helpless, of course).

“No, it was soup,” admitted Soobin, embarrassed. “It was so salty.”

“Well, of course it was salty!” said Yeonsoon. “Duh. Pasta and soup are different. Silly goose.”

Soobin’s cheeks warmed. She should have known better.

“Don’t look too down, now,” said Yeonsoon, hip-checking her. She was looking over her shoulder with that look on her face, almost like she was… well, Soobin didn’t know what. Almost like they were back in Hogwarts, for sure, but Soobin wasn’t even sure what that had been.

“What do we do now?” asked Soobin. Maybe she could just look at Yeonsoon for a little bit.

“Wait for the water to boil,” said Yeonsoon easily. “Then we’ll make the sauce, and then we’ll eat.”

“Sounds like a date,” joked Soobin. She immediately wished she could take it back.

“You got it,” answered Yeonsoon. She didn’t sound like she was joking.

They stared at each other for a while. It wasn't entirely uncomfortable, but it wasn't exactly normal, either.

The boiling water interrupted them. It startled Soobin, who jumped suddenly and looked all around her.

"Calm down, Soobin," said Yeonsoon. "We just add in the pasta. Easy."

"Okay," said Soobin, feeling slightly lightheaded. She wasn't sure what had just happened.

They made the sauce together in mostly comfortable silence. Soobin didn't know how they'd managed to make it back to almost how they were in school, but she was glad for it.

When they sat down to eat, Soobin felt strangely tired, like she'd exerted herself. She knew she hadn't.

Soobin wanted to start eating, but Yeonsoon was staring at her, with those intense eyes and eyebrows, and it was making her nervous.

"What is it?" asked Soobin. "I know I don't- look the same, I'm not as young, but I can't be that bad."

"What?" said Yeonsoon after a second. "No. I think you look pretty. Silver hair really suits you. It's sexy."

"Should you be saying stuff like that?"

"What do you mean?" Yeonsoon looked at her questioningly. Then it seemed to hit her. "Oh!"

"I never liked Lucius," Soobin blurted out, at the same time as Yeonsoon said, "Arthur and I aren't really married."

"You go first," said Soobin.

"Okay, well, we're just married because I like him enough and I needed to be safe. We both agreed to it. We knew it wasn't really love. It's just, you know, a front."

"Oh." Soobin was silent for a moment. Then, "a front for what?"

"I like girls," said Yeonsoon. "You knew that, right?"

Soobin's mouth was open again.

“Close your mouth, there’s food in it,” said Yeonsoon.

Soobin closed it obediently.

“Oh my Gods, did you really not know?”

Soobin shook her head slowly.

“I literally had sex with you!” cried Yeonsoon. “You sat on my face! I called you beautiful!”

“I thought that was just what it was like, being friends with you,” admitted Soobin. “You were like that with everyone!”

“More with you, though,” said Yeonsoon. “How did you not realize I liked you? Oh, my Gods.”

“I just…” Soobin struggled for several moments. “I didn’t even know I liked girls. I didn’t know until, like, right now.”

“Soobin.”

“Hm?”

“You’re an idiot.”

“Thank you,” said Soobin, “I really needed to hear that just one more time.”

“No, really. You had sex with a girl and were all lovely dovey with one but couldn’t figure out that you liked girls?”

“Oh my Gods, can you just let this one go?” Soobin groans and puts her head in her hands. Her voice comes out muffled when she says, “Sorry. I did like you. I- I still do. I think we should kiss sometime.”

“Sure, baby,” says Yeonsoon affectionately. “My cute little dummy. Just let’s brush our teeth first. I’ll leave Arthur to figure it out for tonight, I’m sure he can manage.”

“You’re sure?” asks Soobin. “Actually I don’t care. Come on, we have thirty years to make up for.”

“Which way to your bedroom?” asks Yeonsoon. “You’re going to sit on my face again. I can’t believe I missed out on that because you were such a dumbass. We’re together now, by the way. In case that wasn’t clear.”

Soobin blushes, for multiple different reasons, and then pulls Yeonsoon in for a kiss, ignoring her protests that they haven't brushed their teeth yet.

End Notes

this was actually supposed to be a funny little oneshot about narcissa being lonely and on house arrest, writing erotica, finding out that molly likes her writing, and then the two of them rekindling their friendship and then it somehow turned into me writing porn. halfway through the porn i realized i was accidentally writing yeonbin, especially since a) soobin is blond and yeonjun has red hair and b) it's easier to write about soobin whimpering than about narcissa. so. yes.

i'm sorry for any mistakes!! i haven't written this much in like two years.

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